



~ Issued every Thursday ~

Ten Cents
a Copy.



Published at the Life Office - 1155 Broadway -
New York.

Entered at NY Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

COPYRIGHT 1883 BY LAMUTECHER

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HENRY HOLT & CO.'S
Leisure Moment Series,

FOR SUMMER READING.

Novels in a form suited to readers of taste. The books are sewed with *thread*—not wired—so they lie open easily; the paper, type, and printing are good.

PRICE FROM 20 TO 35 CENTS EACH.

All the LEISURE MOMENT SERIES may be had in the LEISURE HOUR SERIES, printed on heavier paper, bound in English cloth, etc. Price \$1 each.

"The neatest, brightest, and cleverest paper on either side of the ocean."—*Albany Express*.

"LIFE."

ILLUSTRATED.

Devoted to Humor and
Satire.

ISSUED THURSDAYS.

"It is workmanlike in every part. It is fresh, vigorous, gentlemanly, genial and satisfying. We commend it to at least fifty thousand readers in this town."—*The Sun*.

"By far the best humorous and satirical publication of the day."—*Rochester Union and Advertiser*.

AN ABLE CORPS OF CONTRIBUTORS:

W. L. ALDEN, author of "The Moral Pirates." HENRY GUY CARLETON, author of "Memnon." E. D. BEACH, author of "A Famous Pair." ROBERT J. BURDETTE, author of "The Hawkeye Papers." BLAKELY HALL, author of "Musing on an Uptown Car." ROBERT GRANT, author of "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl." G. T. LANIGAN, author of "Fables out of the World." JOHN MCGOVERN, author of "The Golden Censer." J. CHEEVER GOODWIN, author of "Evangeline." J. B. MATTHEWS, author of "French Dramatists." J. K. BANGS, H. G. PAINE, J. W. RILEY, F. D. SHERMAN, and others.

ARTISTS.

F. G. ATTWOOD, H. W. MCVICKAR,
C. G. BUSH, J. A. MITCHELL,
PALMER COX, GRAY PARKER,
W. H. HYDE, W. A. ROGERS,
E. W. KEMBLE, A. B. SHULTS,
CHAS. KENDRICK, And many others.

"Altogether the best periodical of the kind published in this country."—*Burlington Free Press*.

Subscriptions, \$5 per year, postage free.
10 Cents a Copy.

Address, Office of "LIFE,"

1155 Broadway, N. Y.

For Sale at all News Stands.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CRITIC.

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF

LITERATURE,
THE FINE ARTS, SCIENCE,
MUSIC, THE DRAMA.

EDITORS, J. L. & J. B. GILDER.

"The first literary Journal in America. Its specialty is short reviews and many of them; but we do not observe that quality is sacrificed."—LONDON ACADEMY.

"THE CRITIC has become a positive and indispensable part of American literature." SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

"THE CRITIC has made itself known in America 'by the independence and ability of its utterances.'"—NOTES AND QUERIES.

"At the head of the critical Journals of this country."—BOSTON POST.

For sale at all news stands. Single Copies, 10 Cents; \$3.50 per year in advance. To Teachers and Clergymen, \$3.00 Remit only by post-office order, express order, registered letter, or check. Address

THE CRITIC,
30 Lafayette Place, New York.

SUMMER RESORTS.

Hotel Netherwood,

ON JERSEY CENTRAL R. R. 45 MINUTES FROM
FOOT OF LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK

This magnificent and elegantly appointed hotel will be open for the reception of guests June 25th. The hotel is complete in all its appointments, contains 200 rooms (40 suits with private baths), elevator, electric bells, and every convenience for the comfort of guests who desire the advantage of pure mountain air and surroundings and avoid the expense and discomfort of protracted railroad travel. The hotel is of brick, six stories in height, commanding an unobstructed and charming view, and but two minutes' walk from the Netherwood station.

Delightful drives and stabling.
Now open for inspection and engagements.
Reduced rates.

S. V. WOODRUFF, Propr.

SUMMER RESORTS.

CAMPOBELLO ISLAND,
SEASON OF 1883.

The hotels of the Campobello Company, "THE OWEN" and "TYN-Y-COED," will be opened for the season in the latter part of June, and will be under the same management as last year.

Since the closing of last season many improvements have been made, that will greatly add to the already superlative comforts at this unique watering place.

The season of 1882 was a great success, and so many people were unable to get rooms that a new dormitory has been built near Tyn-y-coed, to which it will be a pleasant annex.

It has been constructed under the supervision of Cummings A. Sears, contains sixty-four rooms and will be furnished in the same attractive way as the others. Extensive water views, abundant sunshine, and open fires on every hand, pure spring water and good drainage, are the features here secured.

Comfortable carriages, village carts, wagonettes, and well-equipped saddle horses will be supplied.

The steamer Emmet has been secured, and will be used for ferry service only.

Steam launches, rowboats, canoes, and some of the famous 'Quoddy sailboats will always be at the command of guests.

MAN-OF-WAR NECK,

Composing about eight hundred acres, has been plotted and divided into cottage lots of various sizes. These lots, as well as many others, are now offered. Nearly all of those offered last season have been sold.

Applications for board may be made to

T. A. BARKER,
Office of the Campobello Co.,
12 Sears Building.

Applications for land and for any further information concerning the property may be made to

ALEX. S. PORTER,
General Manager Campobello Co.,
27 State Street, Boston.

NEW HOTEL,

Summer and Winter Resort.

THE DUTCHER HOUSE AND COTTAGES.

PAWLING, N. Y.

Highlands, 62 miles from the city, on Harlem Railroad. Built and furnished thoroughly first-class; four-story brick; large rooms, with closets; steam heat, open grate, gas, electric bells. Soft mountain spring water on each floor. Ample fire hose and escapes. Elegant opera house for amusements and dancing.

Celebrated orchestra, park, lake, fishing, boating; no mosquitoes, no malaria. Send for circular.

S. W. CASS, Proprietor.

NINTH SEASON.

SPRING
HOUSE,

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N. Y.,

OPEN SATURDAY, JUNE, 16TH.

Its well known standard of excellence will be fully maintained.

T. R. PROCTOR.

Applications for rooms should be addressed to W. H. De Vinnie, Gilsey House, N. Y., until June 10th.

THE FENIMORE,
COOPERSTOWN,
OTSEGO CO., N. Y.

This new and elegant hotel will open for the season about June 15. Fine boating, bathing, fishing and driving. Send for circular.

WM. H. BURROUGHS, Proprietor.



VOL. I. JUNE 28TH, 1883. NO. 26.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

Subscribers leaving town for the summer may have their copies forwarded by sending their summer address in full to this office.

WHO will mourn for Logan now? No one. Who will go for him? Dorsey.

BUT scant sympathy can be felt for that fallen son of Grease, McGeogh. He was a bold, but unscrupulous operator, and as he used his vast means to force up the price of provisions to the general discomfiture, his ruin may be looked upon as a public blessing.

THERE is a rigid law in Arkansas against carrying pistols. So there is a law in New York against selling beer on Sunday. Bless your soul, a good law walks hand in hand with every crime in the calendar. There is a general law against stealing, but it has to sit down with the star route verdict. There are laws against cruelty to animals, and under their shadow the summer boarding houses flourish.

THE Town Clerk of Gladstone, Canada, wants to be Chief of Police of that place, and announces as his qualifications that he has never been on the force but has "seen" policemen; is six feet high and 34 years of age; whistles well and is as savage as a meat axe, besides being married and having a good large mother-in-law. If merit has any weight this man should certainly be elected.

MANY an eminent divine, victorious general and famous statesmen has been surrendered to the eternal keeping of mother earth with less of true grief than will follow the remains of Charley Backus to his place of rest. His ambition was to make the world forget its cares in laughter, and those who laughed with him living, will find it the easier to mourn, now that his merry song and jest are hushed forever.

POSSIBLY Mr. Chandler is so confirmed a land-lubber that he cannot now learn how to do without a lemon and a tin basin while at sea, but he can at least set an example of zeal and incorruptibility for future Secretaries of the Navy to follow. With the sale of the rotten junk bequeathed us by Robeson's magnificent mismanagement, the Navy practically passes out of existence. What it will be when revived depends now upon Mr. Chandler. Let him see that neither rats nor roaches have a hold upon the new ships.

EX-GOVERNOR PLAISTED, of Maine, has retired from journalism because the other editors on the paper called him "associate editor" and he wanted them to call him "editor-in-chief." Well, why couldn't they call him that just as well as anything else? What is an "editor-in-chief" on a daily paper anyhow, and what are his duties? As Shakespeare says: "That which we call an editor-in-chief, by any other name would do just as little."

ONLY one thunderbolt fell in Norwich Conn., on the 21st, and yet it fired a barn, broke a dog's neck, scared a tin peddler into epilepsy, caused a dozen runaways, smashed four buggies and a coal cart, ripped up the fire alarm telegraph line, rang all the telephone bells in town, beat a drum, singed the tail of the minister's cat, broke up seven poker parties and one prayer meeting and frightened an old maid's teeth out. Now who says electricity has no power?

THE church militant seems to have arisen in the dangerous person of the Rev. Mr. Benjamin F. Jenkins of Mansfield, La., who recently went gunning for the Rev. J. Lane Borden and shot him so full of holes that his skin would not hold his principles. We have grown quite accustomed to the wars of clerical crackers and to the windy efforts of one divine to annihilate another with sermons, but this gunpowder method of settling ecclesiastical disputes is a new phase, as pleasant as it is surprising.

THAT father Ryan, of Mobile, is a poet, no one who has read his "Conquered Banner" can deny. That he is an exemplary minister of the Gospel of Peace is questionable. It might strike the average possessor of sound sense that at this late day secession principles and bad blood are a trifle out of place. When the soldiers who fought in the late civil war bury the hatchet and fraternize, it certainly is almost time for the frocked enemies of the Union, who stayed home and contributed nothing but wind to the "Lost-Cause," to at least keep respectfully silent. Father Ryan, however, seems to take every occasion to vaunt his lurid views and re-ignite in his audiences the olden fires of strife and hatred. He should be muzzled by his bishop.

OUR highly esteemed contemporary the *New York Times* touches too lightly upon the following modern instance of cannibalism:

"A reporter who had seen long service on English newspapers died a fortnight ago in the person of George H. Kent."

The inference is that the reporter must have lived for some time after having been swallowed, probably breathing through the cannibal's ears. That he was tough and indigestible is of course admissible with the fact that he had "seen long service on English newspapers," but the full particulars of the occurrence could not fail to be of interest to science, and we breathlessly await them. Meanwhile it is evident that England is not a safe place for reporters.

THE so-called "society" column is rapidly becoming as important a feature of the modern newspaper as the department of politics or telegraph news, and items like the following appear daily.

"Miss Israel, of Chatham Square, is paying a brief visit to the Misses Blumenberg of Troy."

"Mr. Isaac Walpole Smith will summer at Newport."

"Mrs. S. Titmouse Wiggins has rented Hon. Moses Blunderbuss' cottage at Long Branch for the season."

"At her wedding this evening, Miss Gertrude Silly will wear a pair of magnificent solitaire ear-rings, the gift of the groom."

As a rule, this drivel is written, not by the reporters of the journal, as is popularly supposed, but by the persons mentioned. They are enabled to earn a little cheap notoriety at the expense of the suffering editor and his infuriated readers. Of course it is vastly interesting to know that such a person as Miss Israel exists, and that her parents are affluent enough to pay her way to Troy; it is exciting to learn that there is really an Isaac Titmouse Smith in the world, and that he is at present infesting Newport; it is a blessing to Mrs. Wiggins' patient creditors to know that their bills can safely be addressed to Long Branch, and Miss Silly's five or six acquaintances will no doubt hail with delight the tremendous news that she has a pair of ear-rings at last—but exactly how all this dry rot meets the approval of editors-in-chief is a mystery.

* * *

ACCORDING to the statement of the correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, Colonel Vose of the 71st has somewhat peculiar notions of discipline. A sentinel at the camp at Peekskill challenged him in the night with the customary "Who goes there?" and received the reply: "Nobody goes there." Instead of holding the "nobody," the sentry promptly fell down in a fit. Until properly relieved, a sentry on post is entitled to respect for and obedience to his challenge and command. Had an old soldier been on post, the valiant Colonel would have been detained at the point of the bayonet. Officers can best instruct their subordinates by example. If the affair was correctly reported by the *Tribune* the sentry's challenge was right and proper, while the Colonel's reply was unsoldierly and lacking in the respect due a sentinel in the discharge of his duty. In that case the Colonel should be reprimanded from headquarters.

GOOD-BYE, SUMMER.

(SHE.)

COULD it have been that last June was the time of it?

Surely it was—or the 1st of July—
Now that your question has put me in mind of it,
Isn't it strange how the time has gone by?

Call on us when we return to the city. I
Hope our acquaintance is not to end here * * *

(HER SISTER.)

Come, father's waiting, Grace. Hurry, and say good-bye.

There, now he's off. Why! You're crying, my dear!

E. F. GREEN.

A SEA TURN.

HURRAH for the Sea—where the chowders be
And the sculpin winds his horn!
Where the star-fish shine through the spumy brine,
And the mammoth oysters yawn!
For the barnacle blows and the conger crows,
As we chase the pickled prawn.

Then roll out the Captain's gig, my lads!
Let the bob-stay harnessed be!
With the breeze abaft and fore and aft
We'll drive o'er the wind-whipped sea.

Hear the Bo's'n shout—"Let the port-hatch out!
Haul the affidavits taut!
Like snowy clouds spread the white, white shrouds
Where the dead-light's gleam is caught!
Belay the keel till the compass heel
And the water-line runs short!"

The main-sheet-fills with the mad monsoon,
We have furled the fore-cross-tree,
And so tightly laced the vessel's waist,
As we skim o'er the creamy sea.

The sea-gulls shriek from the for'ard peak,
As the shrimp go prancing by,
And the mermaids coy kiss the whistling buoy
While the urchin pipes his eye;
The dog-fish bark at the tipsy shark
And the halibut join the cry.

Then cheer mates, cheer, as the good ship speeds,
Till we make the hawser gee!
For the wind in the sail blows a martin-gale,
And we plough the furrowed sea.

Ho, binnacle, fly from the capstan high!
Make the mizzen-scuppers fast!
By the lanyard's light through the nasty night
We will scud before the mast;
For the breeze is a-lee and the rover is free
And a schooner of beer has passed.

Hurrah for the ship! Hurrah for the crew!
Merry, merry boys are we—
And our course is pressed for the Nor-sou-west
As we rise on the yeasty sea.

EDWARD A. CHURCH.

"WHAT makes it cry so?" asked the old bachelor, listening to the baby on the next block, waking the midnight stars with its songs without words. "What under the canopy makes it cry so?" "Nothing," said the experienced father who had his quiver full of 'em, and was never happy unless he was rocking a baby. "Nothing; it just makes that noise ten hours a day, naturally, voluntarily, and without effort, suggestion, assistance or compulsion. Nobody makes a baby cry. And," he added, after a moment of thoughtful silence during which the baby twice got up to high C, "nobody can make it stop crying, either, until it is cried out."



ALL THE MODERN ADVANTAGES.

(Miss Edith has just favored the company with a brilliant performance on the violin.)

Miss Edith's Ma (to her neighbor): I DO SO ADMIRE THE VIOLIN. YOUR DAUGHTER PLAYS, I SUPPOSE.

Mrs. De Porque: WALL, NO; ALICIA CAN'T PLAY THE VIOLIN, BUT SHE PLAYS BEAUTIFULLY ON THE BANDOLINE. YOU KNOW SHE WAS TWO WHOLE MONTHS AT THE PARIS OBSERVATORY.

THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING.

THERE had been a somewhat serious conflagration in a wild Western town, at which the citizens had turned out and worked with a will to save property, even carrying kegs of powder from the burning store.

When the final destruction of the building left them free to attend to other matters, a quasi-philanthropist joined a crowd that he saw dragging away a man who was resisting them and pleading piteously for mercy.

"What are you going to do with that man?" inquired the q. p. "To give him the jeegrabbedest biggest kind of a whippin'," replied the leader of the crowd.

"What has he done?"

"The jambed sneak was caught stealin' some of the stuff we saved from the fire."

"What did he steal?"

"A box of sardines."

"Is that all? Surely you don't mean to whip the man severely for such a small matter as a box of sardines."

"Sardines be blowed! It's the principle of the thing. The slambanged whoof of a jabtit would have stole whales if he could have got them in cans!"

REVISED AND CORRECTED.

GREEN APPLES, green apples, the grass grows so green,
That the boys in the orchard can hardly be seen;
Oh mother, oh mother, your boy is in bed—
If the doctor's don't hurry he'll surely be dead.

MADAME D'ANGEBILLE, a veteran Alps climber, made a great fuss about it because once, when she was 69 years of age, she climbed the Matterhorn with only one guide, and at night she was left alone on the mountain side, while the guide moseyed off to a distant chalet for a light. Land of love, as though that was anything wonderful! Alone! In the dark! On the mountain! At 69 years! By Helen's glove, she'd have been safe on a prairie.

Marriages were invented in heaven, but unfortunately the process was not patented.

A LAST PHILHARMONIC.

YES, tricky rose! You hang your head
Now that the fun and fiddling's over.
And so might I, if I were bred
To play the deep-dejected lover.
Sole rival all my afternoon!
You knew my pique would not diminish,
And since I've picked my quarrel soon,
You try to wither, ere I finish!

Close underneath her pretty chin,
I watched you nestling, *so demurely*,
Twice you'd a battle with your pin—
Ambitious of kiss-stealing, surely.
You pressed your fresh leaves to her throat,
Seeming to flout *me* with each petal,
Till, through my Melton overcoat,
You pricked my heart—a very nettle!

Great gods! What ails a fellow's head
Just when he wants to think his brightest?
—It sickens me—the things I've said:
The stupidest, meanest, tritest.
What eyes she had! So blue, so clear;
They baulk me, like a very ninny.
Dying to whisper—just once—"Dear!"
I stammer, "Do you—like Rossini?"

What made her clasp you in her glove
The whole time that they played that Largo?
Vouchsafe to *you* those looks of love
On which mine should have laid embargo?
And when I ventured on that speech
About our "meeting in Vienna,"
She blushed, and dropped you past my reach;
For once I wished flowers in—Gehenna!

Well, well—small use to vent my wrath,
And blame you for my weak endeavor!
Ah, 'tis a mortifying path
That lover treads who is—not clever!
She let me steal you, thorny taunter!
So I'll forgive you with this look—
Yes, kiss you—and, as home I saunter,
Slip you inside my pocket-book.

EDWARD J. STEVENSON.

HAD the Garden of Eden been located at Niagara Falls, the expense of an angel and a flaming sword at the gate would have been saved. One regularly ordained hackman at the gate would have kept the whole world out of the garden until Jay Gould and the Vanderbilt family came along. And after they went in, nobody else would care to go.



Peters: MISS! IF I DON'T GET THIS AGGERWATIN TRAIN FIXED I'LL HAVE A *fit*!

Miss Blossom, dryly: NO DANGER OF *my* HAVING ONE, PETERS.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

HUNGER is the best sauce, hence street-boys are naturally saucy.

Many men have many minds, but one woman frequently has more than all of them.

They who dance leave the host to pay the fiddler.

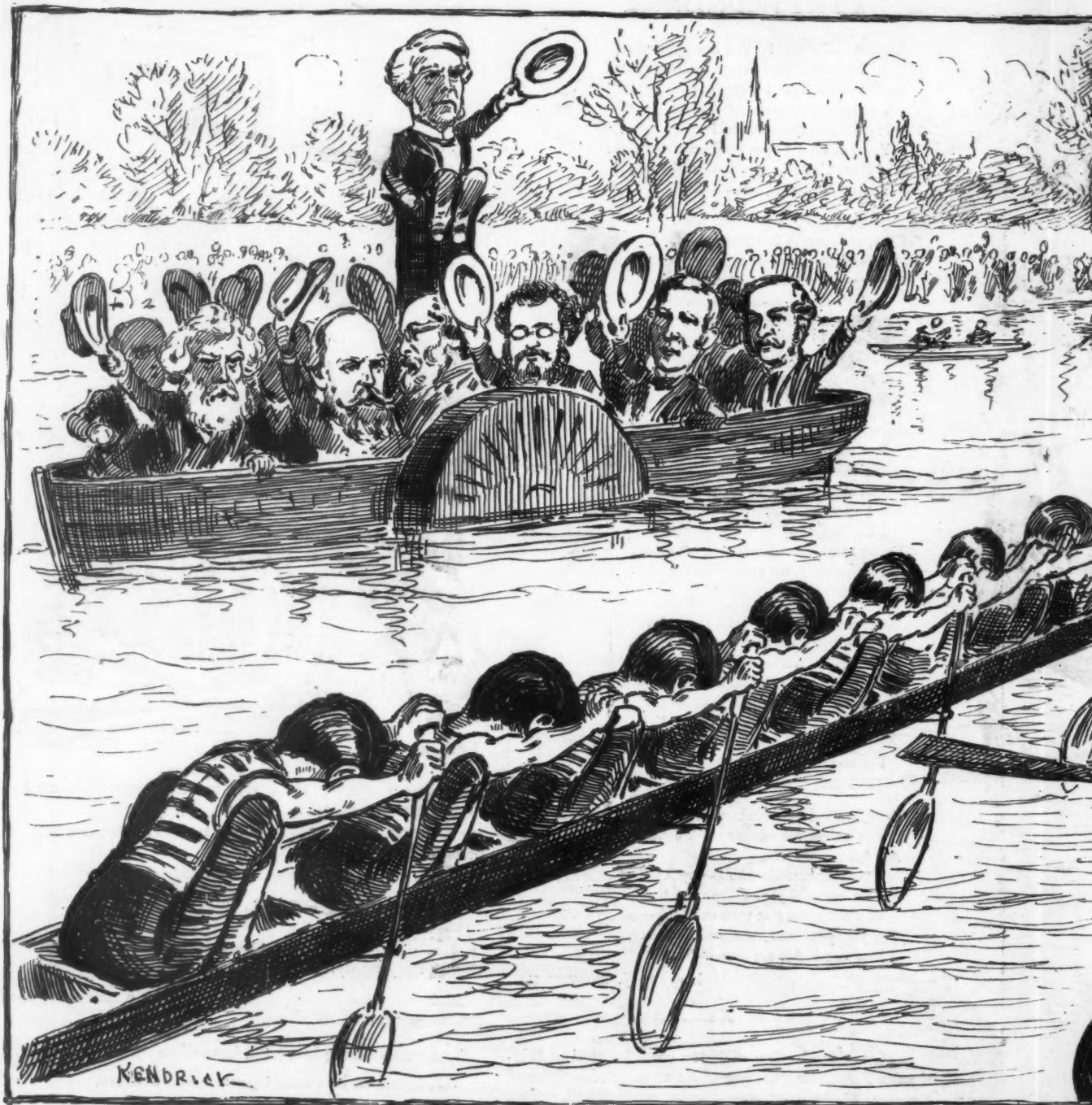
What cannot be cured supports the doctors.

Speak of the devil, and he is sure to call for copy.

A fair exchange would ruin the stock market.

There's many a smoke with no tobacco.

MORS-VIVENS.



HARVARD AND Y

GLORIOUS VICTORY OF —

AS WE GO TO PRESS SEVERAL DAYS BEFORE THE RACE OCCURS THE NECESSITY



AND YALE.

OF ——— OVER ——— !

IS THE NECESSITY OF LEAVING THE ABOVE BLANKS WILL BE OBVIOUS.



McGEOGH.

A SLIGHT, SAD SONG OF GREASE.

SHORTS and ribs were rising fast
As through the Gambler's Alley passed
The stalwart form of Uncle Pete,
Who bore this motto, trite and neat,
"McGeogh!"

His shirt was cleaner than its wont;
A noble brow, determined front;
Pride in his Scotch and frugal eye
When all the longs took up the cry—
"McGeogh!"

"O-lard, deliver us!" the young bulls cried,
Sarcastic, swimming with the tide;
"Ask Aleck Mitch!" the bears replied;
"We'll bust this market open wide!"
"McGeogh!"

For 100,000 tierce Mac paid
Out every dollar he had made
In wheat and pork and other schemes,
For what were they to his golden dreams,
"McGeogh?"

"Beware the Fowler's deadly wrath!
Old Aleck's weaker than a lath!"
This Armour cried in accents wild,
But Pete looked on him as a child.
"McGeogh."

Alas for porcine hopes and oily schemes,
Alas for Peter's golden dreams!
The Alley's whirling like a top.
He *thinks* he has heard something drop.
"McGeogh!"

Ellis, Tabor, Holly, Bell
And more besides, caught merry Halifax,
And Monroe wept, and well he might,
While all the bears got glorious tight.
"McGeogh!"

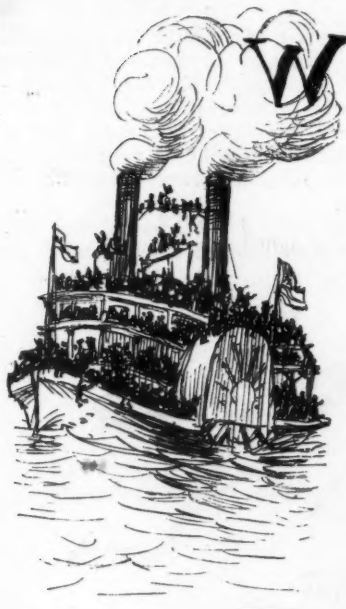
* * * * *

The night came on, gloomy and blank,
Poor Lightner sipping toddy with Frank,
And, as he drained the fiery dram,
In stentor voice he cried, "Goddam
"McGeogh!"



POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON IV.—THE EXCURSION BOAT.



HAT is this?

A pleasure excursion boat, sweet.

Why is it called a "pleasure" excursion boat?

For the same reason that a theatre in this city is called the "Fifth Avenue" theatre.

And why is that?
Because it is not in Fifth Avenue.

Oh! But how does that apply to the boat?

If you were on the boat you might see.

There appear to be some people on this boat.

There are a few.
How many?

About 4,000, darling.

Why! but is not that more than the boat is allowed to carry?

Evidently not.

But a paper in her cabin says she is only allowed 2,000 passengers.

Yes, dear.

Then the poor captain is disobeying the law.

Somewhat.

Will he be punished?

Oh, no.

But suppose there should be an accident?

There would be trouble.

For whom?

For the people on board.

But does not the poor captain know that not half his passengers can swim?

He knows that not one fourth of them can, but he cannot help it.

Are there no life preservers on board?

Oh, yes.

How many?

About 1,000.

But just think how awful it would be if the boat would blow up, sink, tip over or get run into.

Yes.

Would not the poor captain catch blazes from the coroner's jury?

No.

Why?

There would be no witnesses to show he was to blame.

Why, where would the poor passengers be?

Drowned.

Oh! then all the passengers trust to the poor captain's good luck?

Yes, they have staked their lives upon it.

And this is "pleasure?"

Quite a picnic, my love.

Are there many such "pleasure" boats running out of

New York?

About 100.

Who own them?

That is a secret.

But I will not tell. Are the men who own them philanthropists?

Every time.

Who are they?

They are a secret corporation.

And its name?

The "Undertaker's Co-operative Union."



DECLINED WITH THANKS.

Impecunious Party: "THROUGH TO CHICAGO WITHOUT CHANGE, EH?" WELL, I DON'T SEE AS THAT'S ANY INDUCEMENT FOR ME. I AINT GOT ANY CHANGE HERE. WAT'S THE USE OF GOING SO FUR IF I DON'T GET NOTHING?

Comparisons are odious, hence fine ladies use superlatives.

Haste makes waste, so runners are put on starvation diet.

He that was born to be hanged will be put to the expense of bribing a jury.

If the coat fits, put it on, but don't let the police see you.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NO. Mr. Dude, L.L.D. does not stand for Doctor of Lugs, nor does S.T.D. necessarily relate to Sam Tilden's Dog. The degree of L.L.D. is generally conferred on men who have distinguished themselves at the bar and is simply the abbreviated form of Doctor of Lungs; while S.T.D. is often conferred on men of your calibre, and is the playful way Faculties of Colleges have of calling a man a Thick-Skinned Dude.

ARTIST.—No; the bronze sculpture, lately unveiled in the Central Park and named "The Still Hunt," is not an effigy of Samuel J. Tilden. It represents an internal revenue officer searching for an illicit whisky factory in the mountains of the Robber State.

FINANCIER.—It cannot be readily ascertained whether the Secretary of the Interior is a paying teller, or a receiving teller. Ask some railroad lawyer.

AMATEUR POET.—(1.) Oh! yes! Certainly! Send it along! There is no class of matter so difficult to procure and so suited to our readers' wants as the rhyming drivel you propose to furnish. (2.) What do we pay? Well, if we accept your poem, we will pay \$10 a line.

DORSEY, Washington.—(1.) Yes, as you say, the jurors did rather give the thing away by being too unanimous. (2.) Is public confidence restored? Oh, yes—the public confides in you fully as much as it did a month ago.

BRADY, Washington.—Wish you hadn't, eh! So do the taxpayers.

HAYES, Ohio.—(1.) Do not the kind people of the East think of you as much as they ever did? Yes, just about. 2. Will we please state you have no intention of being President in '84? Certainly; with pleasure.



ATTERSON ON TILDEN.

GREYSTONE, N. Y.,
June 25th, 1883.

To the Editor of LIFE.

MR. TILDEN invited me to visit him a week ago to consult with me about a bullfrog nursery which he contemplates adding to his farm. Next to Stephen Dorsey and myself, I do not believe the country has produced a more zealous or enthusiastic farmer

than is my life-long friend, whom I found awaiting me at the station. I had been led to expect that I would find him decrepit, palsied, tottering and feeble-minded. Judge of my agreeable surprise when I saw him—his cheeks rosy as a girl's, his eye clear, bright and quick, his muscles firm, elastic and knotted, his form erect and his mind sinewy and active as that of a cat on a hot stove. He grasped my hand and the squeeze was actually painful. To say that I was amazed would do my feelings but scant justice. I do not think, however, that Mr. Tilden has any political intentions.

It is two miles from the station to Greystone. The day was hot, and I hailed the presence of a hack at the station with delight. Mr. Tilden, however, refused

to ride, and actually ran before the horses the entire distance, leaping fences and throwing somersaults over bushes with boyish abandon which delighted me. This shows how far removed from any political aspiration he is.

At Greystone a breakfast was served. I am careful in diet and partook sparingly of one or two dozen hard boiled eggs and a mince-pie, but Mr. Tilden declared that his appetite was equal to anything, and ate enormously of every dish from crab apple jelly to fried crow, of which last delicacy he is very fond. I am convinced that he takes no interest whatever in the coming campaign.

After breakfast I naturally desired to rest, but Mr. Tilden, with a silvery, light-hearted laugh grasped up



a pair of 250 lb. dumbbells and ran merrily up 17 flights of stairs to the cupola, from which eminence he chuckled at my uncomfortable efforts to ascend. This convinces me he would never accept the nomination if it were tendered.

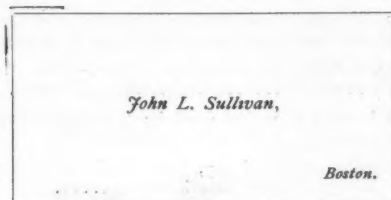


The cupola, I found, was Mr. Tilden's private gymnasium. If his tremendous vital energy finds no other outlet, it expends itself on Indian clubs, oozes out on the flying trapeze, and bubbles over the horizontal bar. Strip-

ping to the waist, he playfully called my attention to his biceps. It measured 39 inches. He picked up a

1000 lb. weight and trifled with it as easily as a boy with a base-ball. Pitching it to the ceiling in a graceful curve, he caught it nimbly on the back of his neck, and then went through all the tricks common to cannon-ball tossers. He then assured me that he was out of politics altogether.

At this moment a liveried servant brought up a card. It read :



"Ah! one of my dearest friends! Show him up," said Mr. Tilden, a rare twinkle agitating his left eye. Mr. Sullivan entered, and immediately stripped for a friendly contest with the sage. The servant and I provided ourselves with sponges and fans, and then called



"Time." With a movement so quick that no eye could follow it, Mr. Tilden's left duke shot out, caught Mr. Sullivan on the brisket and sent him whirling to the extreme end of the room, where the well trained servant immediately threw up the sponge. Medical attendance was then summoned, and in a few hours Mr. Sullivan regained consciousness and was pronounced out of immediate danger. Meanwhile Mr. Tilden convinced me that he had no intention whatever of allowing his name to be used in the coming campaign.

I now descended to the lawn by the staircase, while Mr. Tilden slid down the lightning rod and leapt lightly over the paling to join me. For several minutes he stood gazing southward as in pleasant contemplation. I asked him what he was looking at. Just then I heard a terrific bellow and turning saw a large Durham bull pawing the earth not 100 yards away, maddened by the sight of my inflamed bandana, which I had left incautiously hanging out of my coat-tail pocket.

I called Mr. Tilden's attention. The great man only smiled. "The bull is not afraid of us," he said,

winking at me seventeen consecutive times in his light-hearted way.

"I know he isn't," said I; but don't you think he would be more comfortable if we were on the other side of that fence?"

Mr. Tilden laughed merrily.

"We have both been on the other side of the fence too often," said he.

I admitted the fact, but begged him for the sake of old times just to try it once more for luck.

Meanwhile the bull was foaming at the mouth and carrying on with shameful violence.

"I shall not stir," said Mr. Tilden with a dry smile, chewing a straw which he had plucked from my Mackinaw. "Nothing can move me, once I make up my mind."

"But suppose," I suggested, "the bull makes up his."

"That is the bull's lookout," he replied, a slightly incredulous expression stealing into his off eye.

Just then the bull gave a terrific roar, and I spied a lovely rose on the other side of the fence, which I desired to get. I moved in direction of the rose, and he moved in mine.

The fence being somewhat high, the bull courteously assisted me over, and I secured the rose as I came down. I am certain that Mr. Tilden could not be urged into public life again.

When I recovered consciousness, Mr. Tilden waved me a courtly salutation and then, seeing I was somewhat averse to annoying the bull by invading his pasture again, he caught up that angered pet, twirled him lightly by the tail and swung him over the Hudson into New Jersey. I was then certain that no thought of public honors ever crossed his mind.

When I again clambered over the fence, Mr. Tilden was gazing Southward as before. I strained my sight, but could see nothing but the tame Yonkers horizon.

"What are you looking at?" said I.

"Can't you see it?" said he.

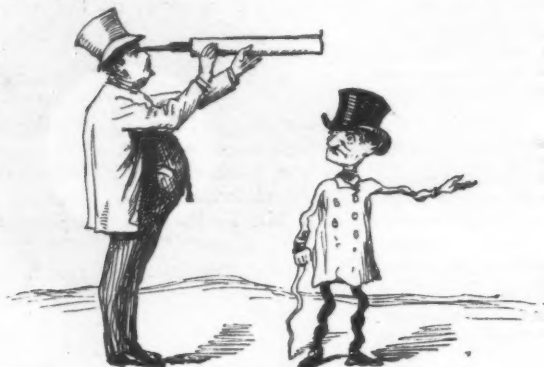
"Blessed if I can," said I.

The well trained servant brought me a powerful telescope.

"Now," said Mr. Tilden.



Again I strained my eyes. The glass was very strong, but evidently not the equal of Mr. Tilden's eagle gaze.



"Well?" said he, smiling grimly as before.
 "What is it?" said I, trying again.
 "My chance in '84," said he, quietly.

WATTERSON.
 C.

SUP'T UNITED STATES FISH HATCHERY, *Washington, D. C.*—Many thanks for the 1,500,000 young shad you sent us. A more tender lot we have never eaten. Send us some more, please. Yours, truly, HUDSON RIVER PERCH.

IF WISHES were horses we should all be ruined in boarding stable bills.

FAIR play is a jewel, but bluff takes the pile.
 HONESTY is not issued by insurance companies.

THE PAJAMA, OR THE TERRIBLE GUARDEEN.

A COMEDY.

Comments of the Press.

IT was anything but a great success..... *Evening Telephone.*

WE have never seen a play so utterly devoid of all that is elevating in conception, pure in tone and artistic in treatment. *Daily Moon.*

WE should be glad to say that the interest of the audience was maintained to the end, but it was n't..... *The Comet.*

THERE was but one redeeming feature.—The *Scenery* was entrancingly beautiful..... *Evening Postman.*

IT is surely not a play that must be seen more than once in order to appreciate it in all its glaring defects..... *Daily Flash.*

IN incongruity, improbability, lack of unity and general imbecility it has no equal on the American stage..... *The Earth.*

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

[AS THEY APPEAR ON THE POSTERS].

.....a great success..... *Evening Telephone.*

.....elevating in conception, pure in tone and artistic in treatment..... *Daily Moon.*

.....the interest of the audience was maintained to the end. *The Comet.*

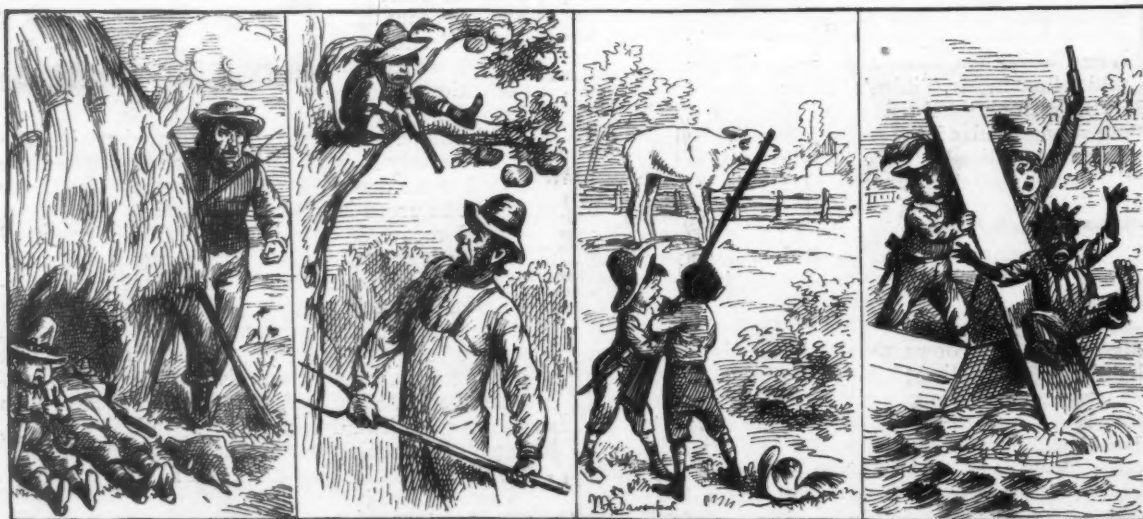
.....the scenery was entrancingly beautiful..... *Evening Postman.*

.....a play that must be seen more than once in order to appreciate it..... *Daily Flash.*

.....it has no equal on the American stage. *The Earth.*

W. S.

FRUITS OF THE DIME NOVEL.



THE BANDIT'S CAVE.

"GO AWAY YOURSELF;
 IT'S LOADED!"

HUNTING THE LION
 IN AFRICA.

PIRATES—MAKING HIM
 WALK THE PLANK.

BANKERS.

WILLIAM POLLOCK,
BANKER AND BROKER,
No. 25 PINE ST., N. Y.

All issues of Government Securities, Bank Shares, Railway Stocks and Bonds bought and sold on commission or carried on a margin. Special attention given to Investments. Interest allowed on deposits.

WILLIAM POLLOCK,
MEMBER NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

Cavanagh, Sandford & Co.,
Merchant Tailors and Importers,

16 WEST 23d STREET,

Opposite 5th Ave. Hotel, NEW YORK.

All the latest London fabrics regularly imported.

PATENT BINDER

FOR FILING

• LIFE •

Cheap, Strong and Durable.

Will hold 26 numbers. Mailed to any part of the United States for \$1.00.

Address, office of "LIFE,"

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

BILLIARDS.

THE MOST EXTENSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF

BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES

IN THE WORLD.

The J. M. BRUNSWICK & BALKE CO.,



724 Broadway, New York.

The Collender Billiard and Pool Tables



have received the first premiums, the latest Triumphs being the Grand Medal—the highest premium over all nations—awarded to the Collender Billiard Tables, and Combination Cushions, Balls, Cues, &c., at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. At the Centennial Commission, Philadelphia, in 1876, the combination cushions were reported the only ones scientifically correct in the angles of incidence and reflection. New and second-hand billiard tables, in all designs, at the lowest prices.

The H. W. COLLENDER COMPANY,

768 Broadway, New York. 241 Tremont St., Boston.
15 South Fifth St., St. Louis. 213 S. 9th St., Philadelphia.
84 and 86 State St., Chicago. 367 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

"Render unto Scissors those things which are Scissors."
—[St. Paul to the Fenians. IV., 11, 44.]

SOME men are known by the company they—can't get into.—*Somerville Journal.*

BEFORE cutting a man's head off in China, the authorities considerably make him drunk. The beauty of this system is that a man can get intoxicated without having a head on him the next morning.—*Rochester Express.*

PROFESSOR, to a young lady student: "Your mark is very low, and you have only just passed. Young lady: "Oh, I am so glad." Professor (surprised): "Why?" Young lady: "I do so love a tight squeeze."—*College Exchange.*

"WELL," remarked a young M.D., just returned from college, "I suppose that the next thing will be to hunt a good situation, and then wait for something to do, like Patience on a monument." "Yes," said a bystander: "and it won't be long after you begin before the monuments will be on the patients."—*American Queen.*

It is said that when Jay Gould visited his yacht "Atalanta" and was shown the quarter deck, he remarked to Mr. Cramp: "Do you not think that such an elegant boat should have at least a half-dollar deck?" "I am rich enough to afford it."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"Dost know the difference, Fred," said she,

"Between the moon and you?"

"I don't," said he, "my dearest one,"

As he gazed with interest new,

"The difference is this," she said,

With satire of a Junius:

"The moon hath silvery quarters, dear,

While you are impecunious."

—*Texas Siftings.*

"BRIDGET, what makes your master's socks such an awful color?" inquired Mrs. Goldeye of her help the other morning. "Color, mum?" "Yes, color! They are all brown at the toes." "Ah, shure, that's the coffee stains, me lady." "The what?" "Where I was jist after straining the coffee through 'em. Shure ye needn't be lookin' at a poor crayture like that—it was before I put them in the wash I used 'em, an' bad luck to 'em"—*Evansville Argus.*

DITMAN'S IMPROVED UNION TRUSS.—Broadway and Barclay Street. A Truss for Rupture can be fitted with intelligence, that the wearer will get the greatest comfort. Private apartments for Ladies and Gentlemen. Crutches and Abdominal Supporters.

IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the **GRAND UNION HOTEL**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Four Hundred and Fifty (450) elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

HEGEMAN'S GASTRICINE.

A specific for dyspepsia. Sold by all druggists. 25 and 50 cents per box. Sent by mail. **J. N. HEGEMAN & Co.,** Broadway, corner 8th Street, N. Y.

REPAIRS TO PLUMBING.

Persons contemplating repairs to the drainage of their houses are advised that the *Durham System* can be introduced without difficulty in old buildings. It is a permanent protection, and adds materially to their value.

Send for pamphlet to the Durham House Drainage Company, 187 Broadway, N. Y.

INSURANCE.



\$5,000 ACCIDENT INSURANCE. \$25 WEEKLY INDEMNITY. MEMBERSHIP FEE, \$4. ANNUAL COST ABOUT \$11. \$10,000 INSURANCE, WITH \$50 WEEKLY INDEMNITY, AT CORRESPONDING RATES. WRITE OR CALL FOR CIRCULAR AND APPLICATION BLANK.

European Permits without Extra Charge.
CHAS. B. PEET (of Rogers, Peet & Co.), Pres't.

JAS. R. PITCHER, Sec'y.

320 & 322 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

"Now good digestion wait on appetite,
"And health on both."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Common Sense" Lunch Room,

135 BROADWAY (cor. Cedar St.),

JAMES P. WHEDON, Manager.

A FOUNTAIN PEN.

ALWAYS WRITES, NEVER CLOGS OR GETS OUT OF ORDER.



PRICES \$1.50 UPWARDS. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

A. S. FRENCH, 199 B'way, N. Y.

F. W. DEVOE & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Artists' Materials,

READY-MIXED PAINTS, DRY COLORS, COLORS IN OIL, COLORS IN JAPAN, PULP COLORS,

BRUSHES, FINE VARNISHES, &c.

Cor. Fulton and William Sts., New York.

CANDY. Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the world, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

Address, **C. F. GUNTHER**, Confectioner.

78 MADISON ST., CHICAGO.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.

Furnishing Goods for Gentlemen.

Parisian and London styles in Neck Dressings, Muslin, Percale, and Linen Dress Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, Jean and Linen Drawers, Pajamas in Cheviot and Silk Pongee, Turkish Bath Robes and Sheets, Flannel and Net Bathing Suits.

Pongee and Flannel Jackets, Steamer Rugs and Robes, Linen, Cloth and Pongee Carriage Robes, etc.

Broadway and 19th St.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.

Underwear.

Gauze and Medium Weights in Silk Shirts and Drawers for Gentlemen.

Cashmere, Gauze, Merino, and Silk and Wool Mixtures for Ladies.

A great variety of Balbriggan, Lisle Thread, and Fancy Hosiery for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children.

Broadway and 19th St.,
NEW YORK.



I will never buy any but
HARTSHORN'S ROLLETS. And I will never sell any
but HARTSHORN'S!

SPENCERIAN PENS

These famous Steel Pens combine the essential qualities of Elasticity, Durability and real Swan Quill action, and are suited to all styles of writing. For sale everywhere.

Iverson, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., N. Y.



CELEBRATED HATS.

178 & 180 Fifth Avenue, } and { 179 Broadway, near
bet. 22d & 23d Sts., } Cortlandt St.,
NEW YORK.

AND UNDER THE PALMER HOUSE, CHICAGO.

CORRECT STYLES, EXTRA QUALITY.

LYON'S FINE SILK UMBRELLAS,

AND WALKING STICKS.

Ladies' Riding and Walking Hats.

WALL PAPER.

Decorate and Beautify your Homes,
Offices, &c.

QUAINT, RARE AND CURIOUS PAPERS BY EMINENT DECORATIVE ARTISTS.

Close Figures given on Large Contracts.

If you intend to sell your house, paper it, as it will bring from \$2000 to \$3000 more after having been Papered. Samples and Book on Decorations mailed free.

H. BARTHOLOMAE & CO.,

MAKERS AND IMPORTERS,

124 & 126 W. 33d St., (near Broadway,) N. Y.

GEORGE MATHER'S SONS, PRINTING INK,

60 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

This paper is printed with our cut ink.



Sure Cure for Bad Breath, Sour Stomach, Headache, Dropsy, Heart Burn, all Bilious and Gastric Affections of the Stomach, Whitens Teeth to perfection. Chemically prepared from young shoots of the willow. Guaranteed to be perfectly pure. Price only 55 cts. per box sent by mail. **DITTMAN'S PHARMACY, Broadway and Barclay Street, New York.**

H. B. KIRK & CO.,

69 FULTON ST. & 1158 BROADWAY.

Sole Agents for the Pleasant
Valley Wine Company.

THE LEADING WINE HOUSE OF AMERICA.

Proprietors of the Celebrated

Great Western Champagnes,

THE FINEST WINES PRODUCED IN THE COUNTRY.



Leading Nos : 14, 048, 130, 333, 161.

For Sale by all Stationers.

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

CHAMPAGNES

OF

BOUCHE FILS & COMPANY,

WINE GROWERS, MAREUIL SUR-AY (Champagne).

BRANCH HOUSES: 23 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris; 37 Beaver Street, New York. Are now shipping their Cuvées of 1878 Wines, the quality of which will make them rank among the finest ever imported into the United States.

MAXIMUM, Very Dry.

NAPOLEON'S CABINET, Extra Dry.

DRY VERZENAY.

FOR SALE BY ALL THE BEST WINE MERCHANTS AND GROCERS THROUGHOUT THE STATES.

Press of Gillus Brothers, 75 & 77 Fulton Street, N. Y.

PAY
MUR

Heart
eth to
man

y.

nt

S,

y.

).

the